

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor

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Facts About Internal Revenue Taxes.

The official report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, contains several interesting and suggestive facts.

The total receipts from internal revenue taxation were \$144,553,344 for the year, against \$146,524,273 the previous year, and \$135,229,912 the year before that. The exemptions and reductions made by the act of March 3, have, therefore, been of insignificant importance. In round numbers spirits paid \$74,000,000; fermented liquors, \$17,000,000, and tobacco, \$42,000,000; the remaining \$11,500,000 being derived from miscellaneous sources.

The cost for collecting these taxes was \$5,113,734, nearly the whole of which went for salaries to various officers, as follows: Collectors, 126; Deputy Collectors, 981; Clerks and Messengers, 226; Distillery Surveyors, 35; Gaugers, 852; Storekeeper and Gaugers, 1,130; Storekeepers, 725; Tobacco Inspectors, 35; making a total of four thousand one hundred and ten officials appointed by the Administration and supported at the expense of the people. The number has been slightly reduced by a consolidation of districts, but it still amounts to nearly four thousand.

Naturally, the enforcement of the revenue laws gives rise to much litigation. The Commissioner reports that on July 1, 1862, there were pending in his office 5,659 suits, and that 4,558 more have been commenced since, making 10,217 in all, of which 9,160 were criminal actions, 846 suits for penalties, and 211 confirmation proceedings. Out of all these there were obtained only 2,771 convictions in criminal cases, 196 judgments against persons, and 36 condemnations of property, the remainder, except 3,227 cases still pending having either been decided against the Government or else withdrawn or compromised.

Of the nature of the crimes occasioned by the internal revenue system the commissioner speaks very briefly, but he reports that during the year 307 illicit stills were seized, and that one of his employees was killed in the discharge of his duty. How many of the illicit distillers were also killed or wounded he does not mention nor do we find any reference to the fraud, perjury, and bribery which are notoriously rife all over the country in the distilling and tobacco manufacturing business.

The internal revenue system would never have been created except for the stress of civil war, and it ought to be abolished at the earliest possible moment.

The taxation of spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco should be left to the States.—[Sun.]

Kentucky Gentlemen's Waiters.

There was a little romance, with a dash of comedy in it, at a West Fifth Street hotel, a few days ago. A handsomely-dressed gentleman, hailing from Louisville, Ky., sat down in the dining-room and after reading a morning paper for some time, grew impatient, as no one appeared to take his order for breakfast. At length he called the head waiter and demanded some attention. At this moment five young men waiters made a break from the kitchen door, mance and going to where the gentleman sat greeted him with flushed faces and an embarrassed manner. The gentleman at once recognized them and called them by name.

To a Times reporter who saw him yesterday, the gentleman stated that he would have been as much surprised to have seen Congressmen Joe Blackburn engaged as a waiter as the five young men who greeted him on the occasion above mentioned.

"One of them," said he, "was one of the swellest beans in Louisville. All of them are scions of aristocratic Louisville families and I can't imagine how they became so reduced in fortune as to have to go to work as servants."—[Kansas City Times.]

The Frankfort Yeoman has come to be known as the defender of all irregularities of the administration at the State capitol. It justified Blackburn in the use of the pardoning power, it pooh-poohed the charges against Cecil and it now virtually says that Capt. Tom Henry, or any other State officer has a right to get drunk as he pleases, when and wherever he pleases, sell out bag and baggage if it suits him and continue to draw his pay, provided he appoints efficient deputies to do the work. Wonder if the Yeoman wants the State printing again? Of course there is no connection between these two ideas, but we just mention it casually, you know.—[Midway Clipper.]

In the highest and holiest type of wife-love there is always a large proportion of mother-love, that kind which finds deeper pleasure in watching over, shielding, guarding and warding off trouble from him in whom is centered a woman's holiest affection than in being watched over and shielded herself. To spend and be spent for him is her chief joy. To watch and nurse is woman's holiest work, not to be pampered, petted, and kept from care and responsibility until she becomes the most useless thing on earth—a helpless baby in a woman's form.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

O'Donnell will probably be hanged at Newgate, Dec. 17.

Lawrence Feeny, seventy years old, starved himself to death at Sing Sing.

The decrease of the public debt during November was \$1,721,676, less than for months.

The Masonic Temple, New York city was partially destroyed by fire. The loss will reach \$100,000.

Eighteen persons were killed and fifteen seriously injured in a railway collision near St. Meen, France.

General John Taylor Pratt, the oldest native resident of Scott County, Ky., died at Georgetown. He was a soldier of 1812.

A Mrs. Riall, of Baltimore, cut the throats of her two children and then her own. The children are both dead and she must think of the task before him. He must decipher his copy and give thought to its punctuation, and even to the construction of the sentences, and this he can not do while his attention is diverted to something entirely foreign to it. Has he thought of but one thing at a time, and if he is thinking of politics, religion or social ill, will, of necessity, neglect the work placed before him. The practice of promiscuous talking in a workshop is, moreover, a dishonest one. The employer pays the employee for the work he is expected and supposed to perform, and the time paid for belongs to him; and, if it is occupied with idle gossip, he is defrauded of that which is due him.

The Supreme court of Georgia has decided that speculation in cotton futures is as much gambling as faro, and holds that cotton future notes are absolutely void.

Five section men on the Southern road were overtaken while riding on a hand-car, near Greenfield, by a wild train. One of them was killed and two fatally injured.

Alfred Roberts, a farmer, living near Flemington, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He had been a witness in a scandal suit and his evidence had been impeached, which preyed on his mind.

Gen. John B. Clark, Jr., of Missouri, was nominated for Clerk of the Lower House, Leedon, of Ohio, for Sergeant-at-Arms, James Wintersmith, of Texas, for Doorkeeper and Lycurgus Dalton, of Indiana, for Postmaster.

A meeting of the distillers of Kentucky has been called to meet at the Phoenix Hotel, in Lexington, on Wednesday, December 12, for the purpose of organizing a pool to control the production of whisky throughout the State.

More lines of railroad diverge from Chicago than any other city in the world, and comprise many more thousand miles of tracks. The number of trains arriving at and departing from Chicago are only exceeded in number in London.

A masked robber entered a Southern express car, near Corinth, and shot the Messenger, whose name was McWilliams. The messenger was fatally wounded, but threw a lighted lamp at the robber and shot at him three times before he escaped from the car.

Richard Sturt, colored, at Shreveport, La., Joseph Jewell, at San Jose, Cal., and Anderson West, at Macon, Ga., were made angels by the hangman Friday. In the case of the latter the sheriff did a most bungling job. The rope broke in the first trial and after an hour of torture the gauntlet victim was finally strangled to death.

At Livingston, a difficulty occurred between Lewis Raines and Ed. Anderson, in which Raines inflicted several very dangerous and probably fatal wounds about the head of Anderson with a large butcher knife. The difficulty occurred in Raines' house. Raines accused Anderson of being on too intimate terms with his wife. Anderson will probably die. Raines is now under arrest. There is great excitement among the colored people, who talk of lynching Raines.

Raines has been almost as much a mother of Speakers as Virginia of Presidents. Carlisle is the fourth from that State to be called to the chair. No State has furnished more than number of Speakers, and when the aggregate time of service is considered no other State has distinguished a record. Henry Clay was the presiding officer of six different Congresses. Another distinguished Kentucky, Linn Boyd, presided over two Congresses, and John White over one. The Blue Grass State has thus already had the Speakership for 18 years, and Saturday night's vote in Washington assures her another term.

The faithful wife of Frank James, the Missouri train robber, travels five miles every day from her father's home to visit the bandit in jail. It was a courtship forbidden by the father of Annie Ralston, but James persisted in visiting her in a country school that she taught some miles from home and at length she went away, ostensibly to visit some friends in Nebraska. Later James rode up to the father's house and announced the marriage, and asked the father to permit Annie to return to her old home; but the father merely ordered the youth away from his gates. James's cell is no longer provided with luxuries, and he is not now a hero. He is awaiting another trial in Missouri, but he most dreads extradition to Minnesota, where his old comrades, the Younger boys, are serving a life sentence.

Valedictory of J. E. Bear in retiring from the Lawrence County (Ark.) Times: "We don't know anything about the newspaper business, never did, NEVER will, and NEVER want to, and are glad to get out of it—with a whole hide."

At the banquet: "Fellow Irishmen, I am glad to be with you here. I hope we shall meet often. Gentlemen, you may not have supposed it, but I am myself something of an Irishman. I have a Cork leg."

John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to ride on a pack-mule to Washington. Senator Dolph, with half the name, is coming over from Oregon in a private sleeping car, a dining car and a car for a sitting room.

Liquoracy in the Printing Office.

One of the greatest annoyances to a foreman, as well as to the industrious workman who wishes to perform his whole duty, is the habit of gabbling indulged in by those who insist upon talking of current events, and often the world's entire history, during the hours which should be exclusively devoted to business. In no workshop is this practice so annoying and wasteful of time as in a printing office, for in no other is so close and undivided attention required to produce the best results. No man can set type with proper care while his mind is occupied with consideration of other affairs, especially if that consideration is forced upon him by the audible conversation of some one near him. A printer must think while he works, and he must think of the task before him. He must decipher his copy and give thought to its punctuation, and even to the construction of the sentences, and this he can not do while his attention is diverted to something entirely foreign to it. Has he thought of but one thing at a time, and if he is thinking of politics, religion or social ill, will, of necessity, neglect the work placed before him. The practice of promiscuous talking in a workshop is, moreover, a dishonest one. The employer pays the employee for the work he is expected and supposed to perform, and the time paid for belongs to him; and, if it is occupied with idle gossip, he is defrauded of that which is due him.

—Bro. Preston Taylor gives the following statistics of the colored brethren in Kentucky: Members, 13,000; ministers, 50; churches, 70.

—An Episcopalian reports that last year

RELIGIOUS.

that Church ordained 100 ministers; fifty-six died, fifteen retired, and ten were deposed. Net increase, twenty-eight.

—The result of the Methodist meeting was ten additions. A number of them were baptized Sunday morning by sprinkling and in the afternoon, Mr. John A. Allen was immersed in Logan's creek.

—Sunday-school lessons for the first six months of 1863 will be in the Acts and the Epistles, then three months with David and the Psalms; the last three months with Solomon and the Books of Wisdom, the sections being from Ecclesiastes, Kings and Proverbs.

—DON'T SPEAK NOW.—About two weeks ago two women met in a street-car, and when one complained that she was again without a cook the other replied:

"Ah! I have a jewel of a girl! She's neat, prompt, respectful, and I only pay her twenty shillings a week."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; she's from the country, and doesn't know that she can get more wages."

The same two women met in the same car again, but also how changed the situation! They stared frigidly at each other without even a nod, and they would not sit on the same side of the car. The twelve shillings jewel of a girl is now receiving \$2 per week in the kitchen of the woman who was without a cook. Hence the reaction, will descend to the third generation.

Miles of spruce Forest in Maine are dead. Lumbermen are not agreed as to the cause. About eight years ago the heavy autumn rain loosened the earth, and that was followed by terrible gales and a severe winter. The theory, however, generally accepted by the best judges is that the trees died from old age. The decay is mainly in sections which have not been cut over. The age of the spruce is from 60 to 80 years.

The State Board of Health has issued a circular and mailed it to the press of the State urging a complete and thorough vaccination as the only means of preventive against a very malignant type of small-pox now in various portions of this and adjoining States. The board also recommends that the coming Legislature should pass an act of compulsory vaccination.

A few Sundays ago Mr. Tom Allen and his wife, who live near Blasingame's court ground, were walking out in the old fields, near their home. Passing an old well, which was seventy feet deep, by actual measurement, they began to throw rocks in it. Mrs. Allen, in throwing a rock lost her balance and fell in. Her husband ran to the nearest neighbor's house and gave the alarm. In a few minutes a dozen men were at the well with ropes and a man sent down. Reaching the bottom no man could be found, and the men thought it was a joke. While her husband was gone to help Mrs. Allen had climbed up the steps of the well and had gone home. She was badly bruised, but is now well and her escape from death is looked upon almost as a miracle.—[Walton (Ga.) News.]

—Boston Traveller.

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Stanford, Ky., December 4, 1883

E. P. WALTON, EDITOR

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, Kentucky's honored son and thorough Statesman, was nominated on the first ballot, for Speaker of the House of Representatives by the caucus, Saturday night, receiving 106 votes to Randall's 52 and Cox's 36, more than double Randall's vote and 25 more than both of them put together. The nomination was afterwards made unanimous and his opponents both pledged their support and promised to renew their efforts for the democracy. Yesterday the members in Congress assembled, ratified the work of the caucus and Mr. Carlisle now occupies the third highest office in the Government.

His election is a decided triumph for the tariff reformers and gives the democracy an issue upon which it is bound to win in 1884.

Without such an avowed purpose the fight would only be for the spoils of office with the chance of the issue remaining in possession. A good start has been made by the democracy and if it will fight clear of blunders, the republican party must and will go.

The new Speaker was born in Kenton county, this State, Sept. 5, 1835 and his home is in Covington. After receiving a good academic education he studied law with Hon. John W. Stevenson and Judge Wm. E. Kinkead, and began the practice in 1857. He was elected to the legislature in 1860, to the State senate in 1865, resigned in 1871 to make the race for lieutenant governor, and was successful. In 1870 he was elected to congress, and has been re-elected at each succeeding election since, and on yesterday began his fourth term in that body. He is thoroughly posted on all the great political questions of the day, and will make a safe, conservative, and able presiding officer.

The more we investigate the circumstances of the killing of young Anderson, the more we are convinced that Denny either acted under the excitement of intense fear or deliberately murdered a man so drunk that he did not know what he was doing and one whom he could have easily tied even had he been sober and in the possession of all his faculties. Physically Denny is perhaps a hundred pounds larger than his little victim and was his superior in strength is shown in the fact that he held him with one hand and shot him to death with a pistol in the other. A public prosecutor for six years, fully cognizant of the lawful procedure in such cases, it does seem to us that had he been as earnest in his desire to act legally he pretended to, judging by his blatant appeals to the juries to enforce the letter of the law against similar offenders, he might have avoided, to say the least, the dying of his hands in the blood of a fellow creature. Anderson had acted imprudently and unlawfully, but that should not excuse his murder. It also occurs to us that County Attorney Brown bears quite an unavoidable part in the butchery of young Anderson. Instead of using the prescribed legal steps, when he knew that Anderson had made threats and was acting in an unlawful manner, the witness tell us that he was jumping around with a pistol which he had drawn, evidently acting anything but the peacemaker. He has no more right to carry a pistol concealed than a private citizen, and his conduct should be investigated by the Grand Jury, if not immediately done. An officer should be the last man to break the law he is sworn to defend.

It has been plain for some time that Grubbaugh, collector of Internal Revenue in the Second Kentucky District, had to go. He was entirely too fresh for Commissioner Evans, whom he had the timidity to charge with using his office to shield a defaulter brother-in-law, and it is not surprising that somebody else has his place. Capt. Farley, who ran for Treasurer on the Republican State ticket, in August, is the fortunate man. One by one they receive their reward.

SUNDAY'S New York Herald says of the Carlisle nomination: If the democratic leaders have energy and intelligence the cause of action of last evening means a sweeping democratic victory next year. For the first time in many years there is before the party a fair prospect of such popular favor as they have been seeking by many devious and false roads. At last they are on the right track. The masses vote will surprise a great many people.

The Cincinnati News Journal is no longer an experiment. It is a fixture and every democrat in Ohio should be proud of it. The work it has done for the party can not be estimated, for it labored in season and out of season with results the most gratifying. These remarks are called forth on noticing that it has attained the age of one year with the brightest of prospects for the future.

In consequence of the general dissatisfaction at the appearance and quality of the recently issued postal notes, the Postmaster-General has ordered a change to be made. Heretofore they will be printed on blue tinted paper instead of the yellow now used. One of the principal objections to the present notes is that the paper on which they are printed becomes easily mutilated.

Ohio has a law which allows the Governor to pardon convicts on conditions. Last June, such clemency was extended to one Radisil, on condition that he would abstain from intoxicating liquor, but he failed to do so and was accordingly rearrested and returned to the penitentiary to serve out the balance of his term, which is five years.

It is a singular fact that all but one of the Virginia delegation voted for Randall Holman, the N. Y. Son's candidate for President, voted for Cox.

The Courier Journal exultingly says: The South and West elected Carlisle tonight on a principle, and the South and West will elect a democratic President in 1884. Thank God, the old democratic party has come back to its first love, and at last it has got a living, vigorous issue to fight upon. It is the tariff and how it shall be revised. It affects directly and indirectly, every man, woman and child in the country. Now let the republicans fling their bloody shirt if they dare. In the mean time the democrats will throw out the banner of tariff reform, and intelligently and courageously discuss it with the people. No democrat need fear the result. Those who do not agree with the principles of the party can get up and leave it. This is a good place for them to slip out. There are thousands of honest men all over the country to step into their places; so drive on the revenue coach.

The absurdity of trying to conform the local with the railroad time, is shown at every point, but more especially at such points as Parkersburg, W. Va. A division of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. ends there and the trains are run by Eastern time. Across the river Central time begins, so in the distance of half a mile there is exactly an hour's difference in time.

DR. GEORGE W. BAGBY, a well-known humorist and lecturer, of Richmond, Va., has gone to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm. His articles over the signature of "Mozzib Adams" have caused many a Virginian and others to laugh and grow fat, for the last quarter of a century.

PROF. J. H. TICE, who some years ago, succeeded in making quite a reputation as a weather prophet and who upon the strength of it went on a lecturing tour in which he did not slight Stanford, though Stanford slighted him so far as giving him a crowd, died suddenly, at St. Louis, Friday.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

I have 8 young brock mare for sale J. M. Carter, Jr., McKinney.

I have 23 thoroughbred calves, heifers and bulls, for sale. S. H. Baughman, Stanford.

December wheat 96¢c; January 97¢ and May \$1.05¢, are Saturday's Chicago quotations.

Sales of 76 head of 1,425-lb. cattle were made in Fayette last week at 5 cents Hogs are selling at 45.

County Court was not largely attended yesterday and the amount of business done was even smaller than the crowd. Auctioneer H. T. Bush reports about 150 cattle on the market, of medium quality, selling at from 4 to 4½ for best, 3 to 3½ for common and scrubs. A few aged mules offered, selling at from \$100 to \$130 per head. One plug horse sold for \$50.

The largest lot of cattle shipped at one time from the Richmond depot was shipped on Tuesday evening. They were bought by Lehman, of Baltimore, and were forwarded to that city. In the lot were 100 head bought of Col. John A. Duncan, which averaged 1,998 pounds, at 6 cents; 76 head bought of William Arnold, average 1,563 pounds, at 5½ cents; 40 head bought of Brutus J. Clay, average 1,450 pounds at 5½ cents; 30 head bought of Mark and Sam Phelps, average 1,200 pounds, at 4½ cents. The amount paid for the entire lot was \$31,500.—[Richmond Register.]

Master Commissioners W. G. Welch sold yesterday 362 acres of land of the late Dayton Tucker, to J. P. Bailey for \$875; 8,930 acres of knob land belonging to W. H. Dewey to Joe Y. Chapin for \$400. House and lot of 6 acres in Preachersville, belonging to Ben Routen, to J. L. Anderson for \$205; 175 acres belonging to A. Bridgewater to Hill & Alcorn for \$225; 3½ acres 1. D. Good's land to W. J. Daugherty for \$20 and 14 acres to Mildred Good for \$20; G. W. Estes' track of 36½ acres to Nancy Wall for \$535; 130 acres belonging to John Warren, to Hill & Alcorn for \$267.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Painters are giving the court-house a much-needed coat of paint.

J. M. McFerran sold on Saturday to Green B. Woodcock 34 fat shipping cattle averaging 1,300 pounds at 5 cents.

Arthur, son of Mr. Joseph Faulconer, aged about 14 years, died Saturday night. He had been in delicate health for some time past.

Mr. Fred Masonheimer, a young man who was raised in Danville, was married in Lexington on Wednesday evening to Miss Bettie Ferrie, of that city. Fred and his bride are here spending a few days with his father's family.

The meeting at the Christian church still continues, with 34 additions up to the close of the services Sunday night. It is not known yet when the meeting will close; certainly not so long as the present degree of interest is shown.

Dr. J. E. Nave, the veterinary surgeon, and Mr. C. E. Baur, both of this place, have applied for a patent for an adjustable harness pad invented by them. It can be adjusted from the centre so as to fit any horse, no matter what the shape of his back may be. The model has been seen and approved by wholesale dealers in Cincinnati and Louisville and by many citizens of this county who have much to do with horses. Mr. Baur, who is a practical workman, is now constructing an improved model.

The new standard time, or Stanford time, which ever it is, is not very popular with us. Mr. Yeiser, the jeweler who has charge of the town clock, says that he was instructed by Mr. Wiseman, of the city government, to set the clock forward to the old time, as the new arrangement was not satisfactory to the College officials and the parsons of some of the churches and perhaps other citizens, so Mr. Yeiser "set her" forward; and now the town has one time and the railroads another.

Louis Moore, Sam Inks, Henry Meaux and Harvey James broke jail in Lawrenceburg on Thursday night, and getting possession of two horses belonging to James McCall, who lives four miles from town rode to within a short distance of this place, turned the horses loose and separated about 8 o'clock Friday night. Inks and Moore came through town and were arrested three miles out on the Lexington road by policeman H. W. French. Meaux and James took some other direction and thus far have escaped arrest. Mr. W. J. Bickers, jailor of Anderson county and Messrs. J. W. and Frank McGuinness arrived Saturday morning and took Moore and Inks back to their old quarters. Mr. McCall's horses were recovered and returned to him.

Charles Lytle, a negro boy, who thinks he is about twenty years old, was brought to town Friday morning and placed in jail on the charge of wilfully shooting and killing a negro woman named Mollie Bruce, on the farm of James H. Baughman in the west end of the county. Lytle and three other boys had been hunting that day and returning a little before dark went to the cabin occupied by Mollie, and although warned by the other boys that the gun was loaded, and according to their story, declaring himself that he knew it was loaded, he persisted in pointing it at the woman, and finally discharged it, blowing a hole through her head, and killing her instantly. Lytle's story is that he fired the gun off as the party was returning home, and that after they reached home and while he was milking one of the boys loaded the gun again, and that when he went into the cabin and picked it up he did not know it was loaded. He says also that the room was so dark that he could not see the caps on the tubes, and that while the gun was resting on his arm, he touched the trigger accidentally knowing even that the gun was cocked, when it went off killing the woman. He professes great regret at the occurrence, and claims that it was purely accidental. He denies that he ever threatened the woman or that he ever had any quarrel with her. On these points it is said he will be contradicted when the case comes to trial.

[By Telephone.]

DANVILLE, KY., DEC. 3, 5 P. M.—Two negro men giving their names as James Galloway and Henry Smith, were arrested at Lebanon, this morning, charged with burglarizing the house of Henry Tucker, in Mitchelburg. A suit of clothes and various other articles of clothing were found on the person of one. They were brought here this evening by the town marshal of Lebanon, David Cleaver, and the examining trial set for Wednesday at 10 P. M., pending which they were sent to jail. A. A.

GEO. O. BARNES IN SCOTLAND

PRAISE THE LORD

88 BERKELEY TERRACE, ELDERSLIE ST., GLASGOW, NOV. 13, '83

Bear Interior:

Scotland is a favorite resort in summer and tourists flock to enjoy the invigorating climate. Of course there must be a compensating discomfort for all this, and often it is in perfection in November. We were forewarned and so in a measure forearmed; but I have only to say that the grim reality far exceeds our most imaginative expectations. We are just now in the 2d day of a fog, of the genuine London sort, technically known as "pea-soup" fog, from its general color and density. About the hue of a London brick, it is—or brownish yellow—and taking hold of the throat and eyes with a rasping, pyrogenous effect, this impacted mixture of the breath of 50,000 chimneys and 700,000 pairs of lungs is held in solution by the raw, condensed moisture of a Scotch November. One must be on the spot to appreciate it. The solitary pleasant feature of this particular fog is that it renders the almost illimitable sign of "Wylie & Lochhead, Funeral Undertakers," &c., &c., invisible—the last written words being the portion that spans the full capacity of our spacious front window, in glaring, golden letters and fully keeping up the impression produced by the issue at short intervals of the doleful hearse and mourning carriages described in a previous letter.

By the way, this wealthy firm, ramifying in various kindred departments, in several parts of the city, were burned out in Buchanan street last Saturday week; where their immense furniture establishment contributed in part to one of the most destructive fires Glasgow has had for many years. After our service at Partick, we all ran up by the tram to the scene of conflagration and from a favorable point witnessed the terrible sight.

But to return to our "pea-soup." We have kept our four gas burners in the sitting-room up to their full capacity all day yesterday and to-day that far. Every time the door opens the smoky rushes in and in vain do we essay to shut the successive reinforcements of filthiness out. So we cough and gasp and sneeze and weep and bear it as best we can, after every fresh incursion. Outside, the rattling or lumbering vehicles go by; the noise of wheels upon the paving stones, coming out of invisible depths, with nothing of drivers, horses or carriages seen. Out of the yellowish-brown abyss also procead shouts, whistles, calls of various kinds expostulatory, obligatory and explanatory, connected with the invisible mass of humanity and horse-flesh enshrouded in the smoky mist. The tarts creep cautiously, along the rails; carters lead their horses by the bit; all grope, grope as best they can to their several destinations. On the sidewalk people plough along, bumping against each other, emerging in an instant from vacuity and disappearing in another instant into fog-space. A very jostle of spectres in a city of ghosts, is this great Glasgow now. If only we could afford it and there were not duties forbidding, we should make our

way to the first railway station and ride until we had outstripped this heavy vapor's march and not return until it had succumbed to favoring winds and showers. George threatens to marry an organ-grinder and pursue him to Italy. So much for our present atmospheric surroundings, of which I can not give too murky a description, seeing it all comes from the hateful "prince of the power of the air"—"the ruler of the darkness of this age"—the hater of God and our tortured race. I am glad his reign is almost over now.

Even as I write the shadows are rolling away; Marie springs to the window curtains and throws them back with the glad cry, "Here comes the daylight—praise the LORD!" And although the undertaker's sign again appears, and a funeral cortège, tempted by the returning daylight, issues promptly forth to do its needful but dreadful work, we rejoice, because "the light is sweet; and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Last night at the bible reading at our Bro. Richard Hunter's, in one way or another, willing hearts found their way to the trying place and the capacity of the drawing-room barely sufficed to entertain them all. No fog will keep away hungry souls who long for more of God's blessed truth. It was very touching to find delicate women even, braving the weariness of the dreadful night and groping their way to the rendezvous. The LORD gave a blessing commensurate with the self-denial, I am sure.

Dear Bro. and Sister Tod, from Eskbank House, came over by the afternoon train. He returned to business this morning, but comes back this evening. She remains until to-morrow. How the dear family fares give us joy to look at them again!

Only a 15-minute "lift" of our sooty envelope. The fog is back once more; gas re-lighted and curtains drawn again. A sigh replaces the exultant shout and the undertaker's sign vanishes.

FRIDAY NIGHT, NOV. 16TH.—The Partick meeting closed in fullest blessing, with 21 for soul and 13 anointed for healing. At the bible reading the subject was "Faith Healing" and 15 more took Jesus for their Physician.

Altogether nearly 700 have confessed the dear LORD, for the soul, in the six weeks' services. About 50 anointed for healing. Praise the LORD!

We start for Peterhead, 200 miles N. E., at 9 in the morning, if the LORD will. It is long after midnight and I must not stay at my writing-desk much longer, for we begin services to-morrow night and the day's travel will be a hard one, with abridgment of sleep.

One word in conclusion. Glasgow saints are lovely; 13 drawing-rooms have welcomed us at successive bible readings; all at the hospitable houses of different ones. More and more we think the Scotch are the Kenyuckians of the British Isles. We have felt so happily at home ever since coming here. Such dear, receptive, generous people, rich and poor, we have seldom met. Of those who have attended the services with any regularity, hardly one has failed to receive glorious blessing and most been thoroughly convinced of the truth of "our gospel" in the main features of it. Of the loving reception in social circles and charming families, I can only speak in terms of tenderest and most grateful affection. The LORD bless them every one!

Comparisons are odious. I will not treat as rivals such glorious places as Highgate and Glasgow. I can only say, no city can exceed Glasgow. It will always be one of the very brightest spots in loving memory. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

OBITUARY.

Morris Joseph Harris, Sr., died at his home in Crab Orchard, Nov. 6th, 1883. His sad to his long and useful life is ended. Although his rapidly declining health for some months rendered the sad event which we deplore, probable, still hearts are deeply touched by its reality. He was born May 3rd, 1810 in Zion, Poland, was raised in Posen, Prussia, came to America in 1849, and to Crab Orchard in 1842 where he continued to live until his death. He was married to Miss Martha Lindsey in 1848, who with five children still survive him. Having a good education in his native tongue, on coming to America he applied himself diligently, and soon acquired a fine knowledge of the English language. He enjoyed to a prominent degree the confidence of his neighbors and friends. In temperament he was quick, ardent, magnanimous, sincere in his professions, honest in his convictions and uncompromising in principle. Duty was to him the sublimest object in life. In private life he was kind and generous, courteous and dignified in his bearing. His love for his family was unending, never lessening flame. Well may his children call him blessed, for a better father will never bear than honored name. Well may his family mourn for him, and strive to follow his example in his independent, conscientious and manly discharge of every private and public obligation in life. His sun has set, not in the effulgence of noonday life, but in the evening calm and stillness, "when the stall is laid down like one that is weary," when long for rest after life's fitful fever, the golden bowl was broken, and the silver cord gently untied. He was buried by the order of Masons, of which institution he was for many years a devoted and useful member. He has entered that grander lodge beyond the skies, presided over by that master whose mercy is equal to his justice, and his love greater than either. May his family, without one missing link, meet him in that better land, on that great day, for which all other days were made, for which earth sprang from chaos, man from earth, God from eternity."

E. B. H.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER,
SURGEON DENTIST,
LANCASTER, KY.
Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. [184-185]

H. C. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner in Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

VALUABLE
**Garrard Co. Lands
FOR SALE.**

Master Commissioner in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

HON. A. G. TALBOTT.
He is a candidate for Speaker of the next House of Representatives.

MILLINERY!
I have on hand and am daily receiving a beautiful and complete line of Fashionable Millinery, to which I invite the attention of the ladies. I have taken great pains in selecting its selection and am confident that an examination of it that is necessary to purchase. Call and see me.

1874 MISS BELLE HUGHES.

NOTICE!

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - December 4, 1883

I. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1:05 P. M.
" South	2:00 P. M.
Express train " South	1:01 A. M.
" North	2:33 A. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUT PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

NICE stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAlister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRobert & Stagg's.

JOS. HAAS Hog Cholera Cure. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

BRAND new stock of every thing in the jewelry line at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FOR coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg.

PERSONAL.

-MR. JOHN A. NEWLAND, of Paris, is here.

-MR. W. B. MCROBERTS is making one Moon visit to Bourbon.

-MISS NANNIE EVANS, of Gazzard, has been visiting Mrs. Capt. Thos. Richards.

-MA. J. R. MARIS, of that stirring sheet the Danville Advocate, was here yesterday.

-MR. W. P. GRIMES has gone to visit his brother, Joe S. Grimes, at Elizabeth-town.

-MR. AND MRS. LOU CULBERTSON, of Covington, have been visiting relatives in the West End.

-MISS SABRA PENNINGTON left yesterday for a several weeks' visit to her cousin Miss Allie King.

-COL. H. F. FELLOWS, of Springfield, Mo., made a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. F. J. Curran, last week.

-MR. AND MRS. J. L. SLAVEN, of Crab Orchard, are spending several weeks with daughter, Mrs. George RoBards. -[Harrodsburg Enterprise.]

LOCAL MATTERS.

EVERY article of seasonable goods at T. R. Walton's.

I HAVE 200,000 good brick for sale. Henry Baughman, Stanford.

APPLE Butter, Preserves and Mince Meat at Metcalf & Owsley's.

TWELVE pounds of nice brown sugar for \$1, at Bright & Curran's.

A BUNCH of keys has been lost at this office, which were found yesterday.

ONLY genuine Dickerson Russell country sweet potatoes at Bright & Curran's.

NICE Jamaica oranges, bananas, mangos, grapes, lemons, nuts of all kinds at S. S. Myers'.

FRESH raisins, prunes, currants, citron and every thing in fancy groceries at Metcalf & Owsley's.

A LITTLE child of R. G. Collier was severely burned and one of W. P. Raines' badly scalded.

OF COURSE you will observe the advancement of Mr. W. R. Williams. Be sensible and take his advice.

THE largest and neatest assortment of pure hand-made fancy candies ever seen in Stanford, can be found at S. S. Myers'.

LITTLE PERSONALS.—A third girl has arrived at John Traylor's and agit, making the 13th child, at John VonGrunigan's.

GEORGE A. SWINEROD was put in jail Saturday for being drunk and disorderly and yesterday he went again for the same offense.

JAMES CARE, a brakeman, had his leg crushed by the cars at Parksville, Saturday. He was taken to Lebanon, where it was amputated.

WE are sole agents for the High-toned double roller Patent Flour, made at Lexington. Try it. Every pound-guaranteed. Metcalf & Owsley.

A good lot of boots and shoes that were carried over from last year will be closed out at J. W. Hayden's at reduced prices. Take a look before buying.

A FREIGHT train broke in two, near Gravel Switch, Friday night, and running together again down a steep grade, the draw-heads on fourteen cars were broken off, causing a long delay.

THE Rink, Friday night, was decidedly the best of the season. A large crowd attended including a number of ladies and gentlemen from a distance. It is almost wonderful that the interest in the sport has kept up so well for three winters. Come everybody, Friday night.

DAN MILLER's usually handsome physiognomy has been changed to one of the ugliest mugs that ever adorned (?) the human head. He looks like he had stood up forty minutes before Sullivan, getting the worst of it all the time, but he says it all was caused by his horse falling down with him, and his getting caught under the animal.

THE County Court granted license yesterday to W. C. Barnett to keep hotel at Stanford Junction, with the privilege of selling liquor. M. C. Portman was also granted license. W. P. Bourne qualified as administrator of John W. Vaughn. The wife of Maurice A. Murphy and Mrs. Rebecca Ballenger were admitted to probate and Squire John S. Murphy qualified as executor of the latter. Kennedy & Co. proved that \$6,000 was fair valuation of their mill and \$2,000 was accordingly deducted from the assessment. G. W. Alford was also credited with the taxes on \$807 worth of land, he having been assessed with 22½ acres more than he has.

BUY your groceries of T. R. Walton.

Goods delivered anywhere in town, Metcalf & Owsley.

BEST Virginia smoking and chewing tobacco at T. R. Walton's.

HARNESS and shelf hardware cheaper at T. R. Walton's than elsewhere.

A NEW fire-proof safe, combination lock for sale, price \$50. Geo. D. Wearen.

SELLING

steps from Denny's door. Saw Denny standing with his shot-gun; raised it as if to fire and it went off. Anderson had his hands in his pocket; soon as D. fired he tucked his head and ran towards him, staggered past, recovered himself and went into door-way, seemed to almost fall. Then door closed and firing commenced; did not see any pistol in A.'s hand until I went over and pulled him out; it was a self-cocking Smith & Wesson that was in his hand then and it belonged to me. When he got it he said if Denny spoke to him he would break his d—d head off. I told him not to do that and asked him to go and play a game of pool with me, because I saw he was drunk. Told Tomlinson of threat an hour or so before killing. Anderson was staggering drunk; had a habit of walking around with his hands in pockets.

W. M. P. BARLOW.—First saw Anderson come across Lexington street. He stood against third post at Lillard's and Denny was standing in his door 12 or 15 feet from him. Saw where shot took effect; Anderson was drunk and staggered as he came across the street.

JUDGE W. G. BAILEY's administrator, Mr. Harrison Bailey, sold his late residence and 44 acres of land lying partly in the city limits, yesterday, to Squire M. C. Portman for \$6,425, nearly \$150 per acre.

CHARLES PEACOCK.—Saw Anderson in front of Denny's door and heard some one coming down steps. Saw Denny with gun and saw it fired; Anderson tucked his head and ran towards Denny, drawing his pistol as he went; seemed to have a scuffle with Harry Brown, who backed and Anderson went in door-way and then the shots were fired.

DR. F. O. YOUNG.—Wounds in Anderson's body in face, through left arm and in left side of body; face powder burnt and clothes burning. Death resulted from wounds.

The prosecution here rested in chief and the defense introduced J. G. Sweeney, W. H. Kinnard, Wm. Barnside, C. C. Storms, W. R. Robinson, Judge Walker, W. C. Bailey, Capt. Singleton and Dr. J. B. Kinnaid as to the character of deceased. They agreed that while a quiet man when sober, he was quarreleome and dangerous when drinking.

W. S. WALKER.—Heard Dunlap and Hugh Smith communicate threats and Denny replied toward Burke, used epithets toward Denny, said he had refused to speak to him, that he was not armed then but was now and if Denny spoke to him he would blow his brains out.

JAMES HERRING.—Saw Anderson at Spratt's bar room between 2 and 3 o'clock. Behaved roughly towards Burke, used epithets toward Denny, said he had refused to speak to him, that he was not armed then but was now and if Denny spoke to him he would blow his brains out.

DR. J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stockholder's Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville, on Tuesday first day of Jan., 1884, for election of five directors to serve for year 1884.

J. W. HOCKER,

Cashier.

LANDS FOR SALE.

Having my lands so scattered, I wish to sell privately the old Lindsey Stephenson farm, on Dix River near Walnut Flat, containing 187½ acres, good land and wood, fine stone and brick houses, stable and cruse and other buildings.

Fine water and plenty of timber. Also 32 acres, lying between Geo. T. McRoberts and R. G. Genes' on the south side of Dix River, both houses and barns included. All under one fence. Plenty of wood. Barges can be had.

Address or call on W. T. STEPHENSON,

Crab Orchard, Ky.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO. of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, come

to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade

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Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years experience.

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Weeklies. Splendid engravings and interesting in-

formation. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC

AMERICAN Office, 20 Broadway, New York.

In fact, all kinds of Farming Implements and Agricultural Ma-

chinery. Keep on hands the Largest Stock of such goods to be

found in Central Kentucky, and at prices that will compare

favorably with those of any dealer anywhere.

COMR.'S SALE OF LANDS

Lincoln Circuit Court. Chas. L. Harris' Heirs, vs. Chas. L. Harris' Heirs. Notice of Sale.

Pursuant to a judgment herein, at the October term '83, of this Court, the undersigned Comr. will sell at public auction, on the first tract mentioned,

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1883,

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

Nothing has been developed in the

Denny trial to change our opinion expressed in the first report of the tragedy and the testimony that has been elicited so far has been of such a character as to strengthen our convictions. Hugh Smith, Dan Collier, Wm. Middleton, W. G. Dunlap, Ben Pherigo, Wm. Hays, Ann Anderson, (col) and John Marrs testified for the defense this morning. The most important witness for the defense was John Marrs, who was with Anderson at the Lancaster Hotel on Monday night previous to the killing and saw Anderson several times during the day he was killed and was with him only a few minutes before Denny shot him. He states that Anderson used very abusive and sarcastic language towards Denny at the hotel; that he tried to turn the conversation (but in vain) and that he finally left the public room; that he passed the door, looked in and hearing Anderson still abusing Denny, passed on. He saw Denny on the morning of the 23rd, with whom he had a conversation, in the course of which, deceased remarked that he had met Denny and that the d—n s—n of a b—h refused to speak to me." Saw him again after dinner and told him he intended to shoot Denny, at the same time rattling his pistol said "If I had had this he would never have spoken to me again, or any one else." Marrs advised him to drop the matter and help himself. Saw deceased pass and re-pass Denny's door several times and look in at the steps leading to the office; saw his lean against Lillard's store window within a foot of the door leading to the stairway, and when Mrs. Denny came up he stepped from this point to the pavement towards the third post of shed in front of the building against which he leaned; heard Mrs. Denny call her husband to come down. Just then Marrs went into his father's store and first shot was heard. This afternoon Jno. Miller, Gabe Greenleaf and J. H. Brown tested. At the present writing Brown is testifying. He states that he came down from Denny & Tomlinson's office, passing Denny at the door, holding a shot-gun in his hand; passed out and stopped on the pavement in front of Lillard's. Mrs. Denny spoke to Judge about the mall; saw Anderson start towards Denny with pistol in hand; Denny fired gun, missing him; Brown grabbed Anderson as he went into the door; was unable

to hold him; sprang out backwards to pavement and drew his pistol; saw Denny fire first shot, which took effect in Anderson's side; door closed and heard three more shots.

Mrs. Sallie Doores died at her home in this place, last Friday, in the 83rd year of her age.

Our town can justly take great pride

in having amongst us one of the most enterprising jewelers of Central Kentucky,

and he is none other than J. C. Thompson,

who has the nicest and most complete

stock of goods we have ever seen in a

small town. He will have a grand opening

on the 13th.

—Mrs. Hannah Poteet and Miss Maude

Myles, of Harrodsburg, with Miss Katie

Fields, of Leavenworth, Kan., are visiting

Dr. Huffman's. Several young men from

your town spent Sunday here and returned

after preaching at night. We are always

delighted to have such agreeable gentle-

men visit our community. Wm. Sweeney,

a prominent lawyer, of Owensboro, with

his daughter, is visiting his brother, J. G.

Sweeney.

When you consider the fact that BUELL & SON Employ an Expert to

buy every hide going into their tannery; that these hides are tanned on the

Old Fashion Long Time Cold Liquor Process, under the careful supervision

of Mr. C. BUELL himself, a man of more than 40 years' experience; and

that this Leather coming out of the Tannery is again Carefully Culled,

the poorer discarded and only the Choice going to the

NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?

When you consider the fact that BUELL & SON Employ an Expert to buy every hide going into their tannery; that these hides are tanned on the Old Fashion Long Time Cold Liquor Process, under the careful supervision of Mr. C. BUELL himself, a man of more than 40 years' experience; and that this Leather coming out of the Tannery is again Carefully Culled, the poorer discarded and only the Choice going to the

BOOT and SHOE FACTORY,

Where, under the watchful eye of Mr. E. W. BUELL—born and bred to the business, every pair is hammered out under the Old Time Elbow Grease Style, certainly it is not strange that in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York, where they have been known for the past 40 years,

The Buell Boots and Shoes

</

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., December 4, 1883

MISS HARRISON'S REVENGE.

Annie Harrison was twenty-seven and the handsomest young lady in Laronville.

Her grace of manner was wonderful; and the women, who envied and disliked her, were won to admiration by her matchless courtesy. And, of course, it was difficult for any man to withstand her.

She was a flirt. Heart and fortunes innumerable had been laid at her feet, but she rejected them all. To do her justice, she never sought admiration; and the men whose wings she had singed closest all averred that she had never encouraged them.

By and by Julius Erskine came home from the Cape. A handsome fellow, with self-conceit enough to sink a ship, and fortune enough to enable him to practice his profession, the law, or let it alone, as he chose.

Erskine was, in some degree, unprincipled. He had been left an orphan at tender age and adopted by a miserly, eccentric old uncle, who alternately patted him and swore at him, until the boy became, in a degree, reckless and very nearly desperate as to what any one thought of him. When he grew up all the women went to work and made a fool of him, as they generally do of a handsome man. Then his uncle died and left him a fortune; so there was nothing in the world for the young man to do but enjoy himself. He traveled extensively and broke all the hearts which were ready to be broken. Indeed, more than one sweet girl's happiness he blighted for life.

Against an unfortunate girl he had committed the deepest and bitterest wrong in the whole black catalogue of crime and sin. Helen Andrews died when her child was born, and was glad to hide herself in the grave. Julius Erskine held up his head and fair women, virtuous women they called themselves, smiled on him.

Of course Mr. Erskine soon met Miss Harrison. He admired her instantly and left every other fancy to devote himself to her. And I think no man ever was a more devoted slave to a woman than he was to her. It went on for three months in the usual way. Erskine everywhere was Miss Harrison's attendant.

In February there was a fete in Harrison Lodge. All our set were present. Miss Harrison was magnificent. Her dress of black velvet, with diamonds on her neck and arms, became her perfectly; and among her guests she moved with queenly grace and beauty.

Burton, whom she had jilted some two years before, whispered to me: "Look out for breakers ahead, Aiden. Miss Harrison is on her high horse to-night and Erskine sooner than ever."

"Perhaps so," returned Burton quietly. "But I am satisfied this is a real thing with Erskine. Look at him now while she is talking to him. Why, there's a flush on his cheeks like a girl's blush at the first kiss of her lover. And she, by Jove! doesn't know the meaning of the steely gleam in those eyes of hers? Well, I rather think I do."

I laughed, for I had never given Julian Erskine the credit of having any heart; and as for Miss Harrison, I accepted society's verdict and looked on her as a scientific coquette. A little after my conversation with Burton I strolled into the conservatory. I heard some persons come in, but did not notice them until the intensely passionate voice of the man arrested my attention. I looked up and saw Mr. Erskine and Miss Harrison.

"I implore you to answer me!" he said, grasping her hands; "for three interminable weeks you have kept me in agony. A week more like this would kill me."

"Oh, no, indeed," she said. "I think you exaggerate, Mr. Erskine. People are not so easily killed."

"But I love you! I love you!" he cried, almost savagely.

"Do you? That is very kind of you," she returned, languidly.

"Do you mean to drive me mad? Annie Harrison, I love you with my whole heart and soul, with every nerve and fiber of my body. I want you for my wife, my own, wife! Come to my arms—it is my right to hold you against the heart which knows no life but that."

She retreated a pace or two and raised her face to his. Every word she spoke was clear and distinct and yet her voice was lifted scarcely above a whisper.

"I will answer you, Mr. Erskine, with pleasure. You have heard of Helen Andrews? Yes, I see you have. She was my half-sister and I loved her next to my God. You know your part in the tragedy where she and you were the principal actors—you know how it ended. It was fortunate for you, coward and hypocrite, that I was in foreign land at the time she died; for if I had been on the same soil with you I should have killed you. When the wretched tale came to my ears I swore to be revenged on you and I have taken my own way to fulfill my vow. Sooner than wed you I would make myself the wife of the lowest brute in the universe who would be called a man. There, you have your answer! Go!"

"She pointed to the door. He obeyed her without a word. His face was as white as death and his eyes had in them a sort of stony desperation which sent a chill to my heart. Half an hour later I was sent for in haste to the Royal Hotel. Erskine staying there. He had shot himself, the messenger said, but was still living. I found him conscious, but sinking rapidly. He was bleeding internally and the agony he

was suffering would soon be over. There was nothing I could do but administer something to make his pain less poignant.

"Aiden," said he feebly, "I meant to do the job without bungling, but I failed miserably. You know the reason why I judged it better to die than to live. Miss Harrison—"

"Yes, yes," I said, "I heard your conversation in the conservatory."

"She was just. I do not blame her. But oh, doctor, I loved her so, and she might have changed the whole tenor of my life! I would have been just what she had willed I should be. And I must see her before I die. I want to ask her forgiveness—to hear her say that she will accept the sacrifice of my worthless life as an atonement for the wrong I did her sister!"

I tried to dissuade him, for I knew Miss Harrison's haughty pride. As I was arguing with my patient, the door of the room opened and Annie Harrison came in. She went straight to the bedside, knelt down, and lifted Erskine's head against her bosom.

"My darling!" she said, in a tone whose wondrous tenderness made my own blood thrill like wine, "will you forgive me? I had no right to take God's vengeance out of His wise hands! I had no right to spur you as I did. And yet only He knows what it cost me; for Julius, I love you as I have never loved any earthly thing! Oh, my darling, my darling!"—and, bowing her face on his, she gave way to a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot.

I left them together. When I went back death was already dropping its pallor over the brow of poor Erskine.

"Farewell, dearest," he said, softly; "I will wait for you in another world."

His eyes closed—he lay still. After a while I touched his pulse and knew he was dead.

Annie Harrison is an old woman now, but she has never married. She is living out her life quietly.

Fiction for Children.

Feed your child on pickle and sweetmeat, allow her to wear paper-soled shoes and an insufficiency of flannel, and we all know what the consequences will be—dyspepsia and hectic cough. Does it never occur to you that the analogy applies to her mental sustenances and equipments—that if we feed her unformed and emotional nature with high-spiced, morbid, unreal fiction she will become incapable of digesting better literature, and that by the time she is a woman anything solid will be rejected by the pampered appetite? Have you never seen this, you mothers?

Good fiction is truly a legitimate, healthful, and improving means of pleasure and profit. By the perusal of clever novels, of real and idealized pictures of human life, our mental range of vision is extended, and the focus of our intellectual glasses is truly adjusted. Our sympathies enlarged, and our prejudices driven away; our knowledge of and regard for the just value of life increased and verified; we are amused, improved, touched, warned, helped, and urged to help others. There is no better means of impressing on our minds the facts of history or the qualities and values of human nature than by the historical or critical novel. But such are not the results which usually follow from a perusal of the light literature of the day, which library people prove young girls devour yearly in unlimited quantities.

The authorities of Mercer county, N. J., have adopted an admirable method of dealing with tramps, who have become there, as they are, indeed, all over the whole country, an intolerable nuisance. Six men who were taken up last week were chained, each to an 18-lb. ball and then taken out to a vacant lot and set to digging fence holes. When the holes are dug and a fence is built around the lot, these tramps and as many more as the police can get their hands on will be chained together, locked up in the inclosed lot and made to break bones all day. Any who refuse to work will be put into close confinement on bread and water diet. After a little of this discipline the tramps will be likely to give Mercer county a wide berth. The idea is not a bad one for other towns, similarly situated, to follow.

A clergyman in Tennessee is known as the "satisfying preacher." Whenever a church begins to grow tired of its regular pastor the "satisfying preacher" is sent for. And so atrociously bad is he that, after hearing him once or twice, the congregation is entirely "satisfied" to keep the pastor it has. A new avenue of usefulness is thus opened to poor preachers. They will act as a sort of counterpoise to those pernicious preachers whose showy eloquence often causes a congregation to be dissatisfied with its humdrum pastor.—[New York Tribune.]

An Illinois woman named Margaret Robbins, wife of a well-to-do farmer, got mad at her husband ten years ago because he lost some money she brought him, went to bed, saying she would never get up or do a stroke of work, and has been there ever since. She felt tired three years ago, started to go to the breakfast table, fell and broke her ankle and has not left the sheets since. She is as cross as a bear, scolds everything in sight, keeps a broom handle to pound the patient daughter who waits on her and knows every bit of gossip and scandal going within thirty miles.

"No, George, I can not return your love. I never dreamed you loved me so. You should have spoken of it before. But I can not return your love." "No," moaned the broken-hearted lover, as he grasped his bat, "nor the oysters and ice cream, neither;" and George went out into the wet.

All this affected modesty in regard to seeing one's name in print is absurd. We all like it and there isn't any use telling a white lie by saying we do not.—[Laramie Boomerang.]

Bill Nye Talks to Young Men.

Young men, what are you living for? Have you an object dear to your life, and without the attainment of which you feel that your life would have been a wide, shoreless waste, peopled by the spectres of dead ambition? You can take your choice in the great battle of life, whether you bristle up and win a deathless name, or be satisfied with scabs and mediocrity. Many of those who now stand at the head of the nation as Statesmen and logicians were once unknown, unhonored and unsung. Now they saw the air of the halls of Congress, and their names are plastered on the temple of fame.

You can win some laurels, too, if you will brace up and secure them when they are ripe. Live temperately on \$9 a month. That's the way we got our start. Get some true, noble minded young lady of your acquaintance to assist you. Tell her of your troubles and she will tell you what to do. She will gladly advise you. Then you can marry her, and she will advise you some more. You needn't be out of advice at all unless you want to. She, too, will tell you when you have made a mistake. She will come to you frankly and acknowledge that you have made a jackass of yourself.

As she gets more acquainted with you she will be more candid with you, and in her unstudied girlish way, she will point errors, and gradually convince you with an old chair leg and other arguments, that you were wrong, and your past life will come up before you like a panorama, and you will tell her so, and she will let you up again. Life is indeed a mighty struggle. It is business. We can't all editors and lounge around all the time, and wear good clothes, and have your names in the papers, and draw princely salaries. Some one must do the work and drudgery of life, or it won't be done.

Increase of Salmon.

There have been fears expressed that the enormous consumption of salmon in this country will cause a scarcity of that delicious food fish. But these fears are groundless. At Astoria, Oregon, all the oil of the salmon used for canning is thrown into the sea at the shore, and the canneries being so situated that the Pacific ocean at the mouth of the Columbia river receives all this refuse. According to the Portland Oregon this seeming wastefulness is a means of constant production of the salmon. The first operation in the canneries, the writer says, is to relieve the fish of their entrails, fins, head and spawn, and these are in almost every instance dropped into the river. Much of the spawn is, of course, eaten by fish or destroyed, but a goodly share finds lodgment in the bottom where it hatches. It is a well-known fact that the water about the canneries fairly swarms with young fish during the summer and fall.

When a murderer comes to the gallows he generally goes off a shining example of piety, bound straight for the kingdom on the through line. He graciously forgives everybody and invites them to meet him in Paradise, as if he were the host there. The colored person lately executed at Richmond for the taking-off of his husband was hanged in white stockings without shoes, "to be ready for 'dear golden slippers.'" She urged to be hanged before the preferred colored man who helped do the job of removal, because, she said, she wanted to "beat him into heaven"—a laudable emulation. Hanged murderers having the time fixed, become good on time, and so have a sure thing. The murdered, having no notice and being taken off in his sin has a comparatively poor chance.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of man's life—brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute and choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluid ceases to supply all the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness.

Mr. Spurgeon says that the reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place, he read his sermon; and in the second, he did not read it well; and in the third place, it was not worth reading.

If you are tired taking the large, old-fashioned, gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort.

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not here, and those who have it will find relief in it in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and easily swallowed. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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